Prince VVell, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech, ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. VVeepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teres are vain.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene.
For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hot. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle braine. Harry, I do not onely maruell where thou ſpēdeſt thy time: but alſo, how thou art accompanyed. For though the cāmomil the more it is trodē on, the faſter it grows: yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſon, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of the neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou bee ſonne to mee, here lieth the point: why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſon of England proue a thiefe, & take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for Harry, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: & yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. VVhat manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eie and a moſt noble cariage, & as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remēber me, his name is Falſtalffe: if that man ſhold be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For Harry, I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree; then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that Falſtalffe, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where haſt thou bin this month?

Prince.

Prin. Doſt thou ſpeake lik
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me; if thou d
cally both in word and matte
a rabbet ſucker or a Poulters

Prin. Well, heere I am ſet.

Fal And here I ſtand, iudg

Prince Now, Harry, whenc

Fal. My noble Lord, fro

Prince The complaints I hea

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, the
yong Prince yfaith.

Prin. Swareſt thou, vngra
on me, thou art violently carr
uell haunts thee, in the likene
is thy companion: why doſt t
humors, that boulting hutch
of dropſies, that huge bombar
guts, that roſted Mannin gtr
belly, that reuerent vice, that
that vanity in yeeres, wherein
drinke it? wherin neat & clenl
wherein cunning, but in craft
wherein villanous, but in all
nothing?

Fal. I would your grace w
meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abh
ſtalffe, that old white beardc

Fal. My Lord, the man I kn

Fal. But to ſay, I know mo
were to ſay more then I know
tie, his white haires do witneſ
uerence, a whoremaſter, that I
a fault, God helpe the wicked
thē many an old hoſt that I kn
hated, thē Pharaos lean kine a
baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardol, ba

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